The World

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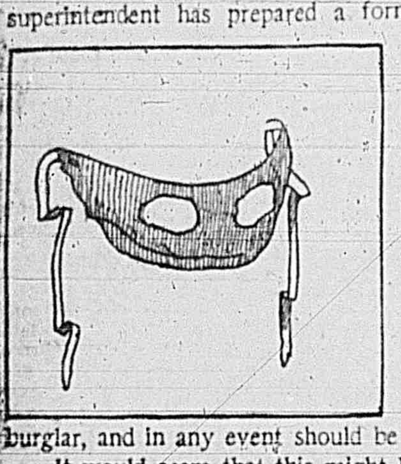
WHEN THE BURGLAR CALLS.

Ordinary burglars are as industrious this fall as their high financial imitators in the Wall street life insurance companies and railroad boards. It is easy to distinguish between them, because the common burglars call in person at night, while the Wall street burglars collect through employees and agents by day.

What to do when the burglar calls is a question on which such authorities as Mark Twain, Justice Dickey, of the Supreme Court, and Supt. McQuaide, of the Pittsburg police, differ in their advice. They unite in warning the burglarized family not to interfere with the burglar unless they take careful precautions, and Mark Twain and Justice Dickey oppose fighting burglars at all.

So many burglaries occur every night in Pittsburg that its police superintendent has prepared a formal statement for the guidance of householders. He says that a police whistle is better than a revolver, and that if a revolver is kept it should not be put under the pillow, because that is a place where a burglar would expect to find it.



The Pittsburg official policy is to hide the revolver under the bed and then to wait until the burglar has finished and shoot him in the back as he departs with his booty. If possible the police whistle should be blown beforehand to frighten off the burglar, and in any event should be blown after the shooting.

It would seem that this might be improved on by equipping Pittsburg houses with automatic police whistles, which would begin to whistle as soon as the burglar started to enter the premises and would continue whistling until the policeman arrived.

In New York this police whistle advice would be futile in most localities. In many residential neighborhoods it would require a steam foghorn to summon a policeman, and the burglar would have had time to take the piano before the policeman came.

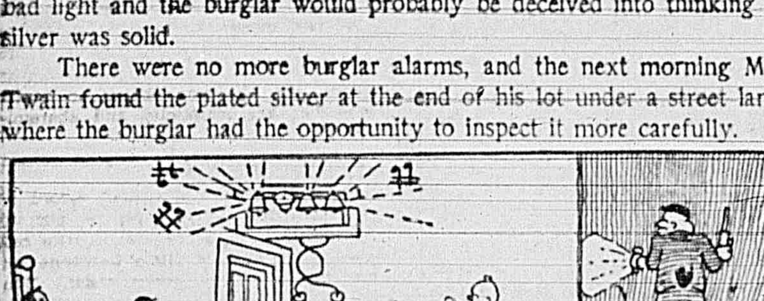
Justice Dickey's advice is better fitted to local conditions. He instructed his family that whenever a burglar called they were all to be sound asleep, and under no circumstances to have nightmares or to snore or do anything else that might disturb the burglar.

This advice worked well, because when the burglars entered the house of Justice Dickey's family everybody kept quiet and the burglars took away so much booty that they were traced and captured.

Mark Twain, in his autobiography in the North American Review, gives more entertaining advice than either the Chief of Police or the Judge. He had his house equipped with burglar alarms and an annunciator, so that he could tell in what part of the house the burglar was operating.

When the burglar called on Mark Twain, Mrs. Clemens awoke her husband and told him that the burglar alarm in the cellar had gone off. He replied that the burglar was doubtless hungry and that they might as well take a nap for fifteen minutes while the burglar lunched. The next alarm was in the dining-room. Here, Mark Twain recalled, the plated silverware was stored; also that the gas company was furnishing bad light and the burglar would probably be deceived into thinking the silver was solid.

There were no more burglar alarms, and the next morning Mark Twain found the plated silver at the end of his lot under a street lamp, where the burglar had the opportunity to inspect it more carefully.



From these various suggestions a combination of their most valuable ideas might be best for the average householder. Mark Twain's annunciator burglar alarm could be improved by the addition of chimes. A phonograph with a megaphone attachment might be added, which would begin dinning in the burglar's ears an argument on the folly of being a common burglar instead of a high financier. The police whistle suggestion from Pittsburg should be enlarged to a calliope.

It will be noted that none of these eminent counsel advises tackling the burglar in person. Also that in no case was the burglar hidden under the bed.

Letters from the People.

Post-Office Inadequacies.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have to go every Saturday noon to the post-office to get a domestic money order. I find a line, often ten or twelve deep, before the window. Once in awhile two windows are open instead of one. But even so, it means a wait of from ten to thirty minutes. For a big city's general post-office this strikes me as a pretty cheap piece of piking. Can't New York afford one or two extra money order windows? It couldn't be worse in a country village. Also, to get stamps after 6 P. M. one has to wander about half a mile to the very southernmost end of the building to one lonely window. Oh, brace up, Mr. Postmaster! This isn't the backwoods!

R. F. D.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can the President of the United States legally run for office more than twice in succession?

H. MARTIN.

Richmond Hill.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who is the present Prime Minister of England?

W. S. I.

The Girl Men Like.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think the majority of men pay no attention to a girl's housekeeping proficiency. What care they if a girl knows how to cook or not? They only begin to think of these things after marriage. Before, it is simply the manner in which she makes herself attractive. I have in mind a pretty, sweet, amiable girl of about twenty-three, employed as a stenographer, who can cook better than a large number of married women. She is also very handy with a needle, makes her own hats and dresses, is very neat and particular, also very pleasant and entertaining. Still, this girl never has a gentleman friend. From this we can see how much young men care whether a girl can cook or not.

A WIFE.

Here's a Fine Point in Ethics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Here's a question that will stand much careful thought, for it comes up every day in every big office in America: If a person called at an office to see your employer, and if you, acting under orders of said employer, told the person that the employer was out, even if he were in, would you be guilty of a lie?

C. R.

Cruelty to Children.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I read about that poor Flushing child kept by its parents in a corncrib. I am only a woman, but I hope that men are going to make laws that will punish such parents as that poor child had. I am not so fortunate as to have any children, but my heart aches when I read of such abominations. The papers said the child was "raised like an animal." That is not so. Animals all take better care of their young.

EUGENIE ROUSSELY.

A Relationship Tangle.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In an up-State town there lived a widow and a widower. The widow had a daughter and the widower had a son. The widower married the daughter and the son married the widow. Readers, what relation to the father is the son and the widow to her daughter? The father, who married the daughter, then had a son, and the widow, who married the son, had a daughter. What relation are the children to each other. Readers will save a case of brain fever in the [illegible] by a prompt reply.

[illegible]

Flies.

By J. Campbell Cory.

THE JARR FAMILY ☆ ☆ By Roy L. McCardell

"I'M not going to get a single thing for Christmas for the children except useful presents," said Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, pshaw!" said Mr. Jarr, "what do you want to spoil the kids' Christmas fun for? A child hasn't any fun unless he gets things to break and so much candy to eat it makes him sick!"

"That's just like you!" replied Mrs. Jarr, "you don't have trouble with them when they're sick. I have all the care. And then you know how little Emma and Willie fight over their things!"

"Well, what are you going to get them?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I'll get Willie a nice, warm suit and a new overcoat. The one he has is good enough for school, but it's too shabby for Sunday, and that goes to show what I've always said, that it doesn't pay to buy cheap things," said Mrs. Jarr.

"What are you going to get little Emma?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"A set of furs. A good, serviceable set that will last her several seasons. All the little girls she goes with have nice sets," replied his wife.

"I don't agree with you," said Mr. Jarr. "All the other children around will have dolls and toys, and, after all, clothes are only clothes. We have to get those anyway. It looks as if we are playing it pretty low on the youngsters!"

"That's a nice thing for you to say!" exclaimed Mrs. Jarr. "I'm sure I'm the best judge. You talk very big, but the children know who is best to them!"

"Little Emma wants a set of dolls and a doll-house," said Mr. Jarr, "and Willie wants a drum and a horn and a sled and a toy train of cars. They told me so. You don't understand a child. A child would rather have things like that at Christmas than all the shoes and hats you could buy. I'll get 'em toys!"

"You won't do anything of the kind, Mr. Jarr!" snapped his lady. "You've promised them a Christmas tree, too! I'll have all the work of trimming it, and those ornaments cost terrible, and they are so brittle they don't last, no matter how you try."

"They're going to have it, just the same!" said Mr. Jarr. "Christmas comes but once a year and I want to see everybody happy!"

"Except me!" snapped Mrs. Jarr. "You make me miserable and you know it and don't care. And here I was planning and saving to get you something nice!"

"You were, eh?" said Mr. Jarr, hesitatingly.

"Yes, we need new curtains in the dining-room, and a rug for in front of my dresser. I was going to get them for you, but you do not appreciate anything from me!" replied the good lady.

"Now, come, Clara," said Mr. Jarr, "I don't want anything except for you to be kind and to hold your temper a little more. I appreciate the curtains and the rug, but isn't it a little like buying a smoking set and an overcoat for you?"

"That's about all you would get me. At least, I won't have any disappointments this Christmas! I know exactly what I'm going to get! Get me a ton of coal, too!"

"Well, now you see!" said Mr. Jarr, "that's just how the children will feel when they get their 'sensible' presents!"

"Oh, they'll get enough foolish toys. Your people always send them a lot of cheap trash!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "What would your people do for what they call presents if it wasn't for the five and ten cent stores?"

"I think you should appreciate the remembrance and not look at the cost!" said Mr. Jarr, severely. "And you know that they give the children things that cost a lot of money, too!"

"Well, if they are so grand that way, why do you object to my buying them things they need—useful things?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"I don't object. Do what you think best," said Mr. Jarr.

"I try to do what I think best," said Mrs. Jarr, "and you always think the worst of me! And it was mean of you to start to quarrel with me. Why, it's two weeks to Thanksgiving yet!"

"That's what I say," replied Mr. Jarr. "You brought it up. Go ahead and get them what you want!"

"There's plenty of time," said Mrs. Jarr, "but I've made up my mind they shall have a tree. Why are you so set against it?"

"Was I? Am I?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, of all the men!" replied his wife. "What else have you been rowing about for the last hour? And I intend them to have some toys, too. If we depend on your people they're sure to disappoint the poor little things!"

Strange Facts.

AT Hochheide, in Germany, 1,020 school children had their teeth examined, with the result that 90 per cent. of all the teeth were found to be defective. Only thirty-five of the children had sound sets of teeth, and in 294 children a poor bodily condition was directly due to poor teeth.

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Dr. Edward Hoeber, of the staff of the Berliner Tageblatt, who not long ago wrote an article on how to avoid Alpine accidents, was killed the other day while climbing the Little Zhino, in the Dolomites.

• • •

How much sleep do men need? Jeremy Taylor was content with three hours. Baxter with four, Wesley with six, Bismarck and Gladstone with eight, but Goethe, Napoleon, Mirabeau and Humboldt professed that they could get along very well with less. Linnaeus, the naturalist, was one of those who robbed themselves of sleep during their earlier years, and made up for it later in life.

Incapacitated.

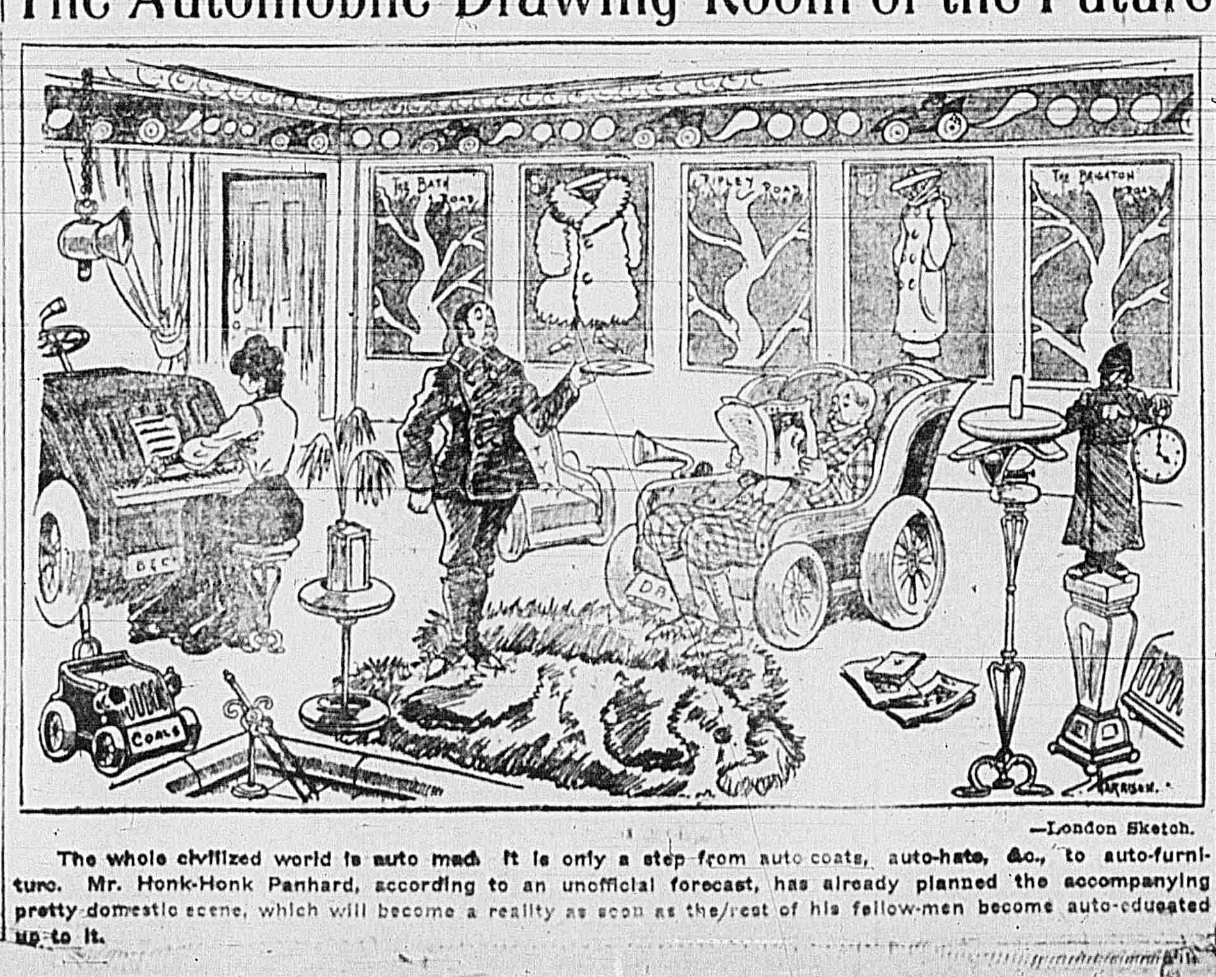
AS the "extra hand" rose from his dinner in the farm kitchen, the farmer's son informed him that he was to pitch hay in the afternoon.

"I won't do it," was his curt reply.

"All right, please yourself. It doesn't make any difference to me," retorted the farmer's son, according to the Youth's Companion. "My father told me to deliver the message, and if you don't pitch you'll get into trouble with him."

"I won't do it for either you or your father," rejoined the man. "You should ha' told me sooner. At dinner time I filled myself for raking, and I can't pitch."

The Automobile Drawing Room of the Future



—London Sketch.

The whole civilized world is auto mad. It is only a step from auto coats, auto-hats, &c., to auto-furniture. Mr. Honk-Honk Panhard, according to an unofficial forecast, has already planned the accompanying pretty domestic scene, which will become a reality as soon as the rest of his fellow-men become auto-educated up to it.

Love Affairs of Great Men

by Nixola Greeley-Smith.

No. 2—The Duke of Wellington's Life Romance.

"NO woman ever loved me; never in my whole life!" This was the answer of the Duke of Wellington to a woman who asked him if he had not been satiated by the admiration and enthusiasm of other women.

But the Iron Duke's reply was more pessimistic than truthful. For Lady Catherine Packenham, the girl he married, waited nine years for him to return from India and make her his wife. And a woman can give no greater proof of her affection than steadfastness during years of silence and separation.

The moon of warriors which shines in history with the reflected light of the great sun that set at Waterloo, like most Englishmen, took his romance slowly. He met Lady Catherine when he was plain Captain Wellesley, and proposed to her. But he had not enough money to commend him to her father, the Earl of Langford, and his suit was refused. Lady Catherine, however, told him that she would always consider herself engaged to him, and he left for India with his regiment. He was away nine years—two years longer than Jacob served for Rachel and then had Leah handed to him, according to the Biblical allegory which some people interpret literally, but which, it is wiser to believe, referred merely to the difference between the ideal girl you were engaged to and the real girl you discover after marriage.

Nine Years' of Probation.

During all this time Lady Catherine was constant to the young officer's memory. When they parted she was a noted beauty at the vice-regal Court at Dublin. But not long after his departure she suffered an attack of small-pox, which, needless to say, greatly impaired her appearance. What she endured during the nine years Wellington was away can be imagined. They did not correspond, and at no time could she have been certain that some garrison beauty in India might not have power to swerve the young officer from his devotion to her, or that on his return his love might vanish at sight of her impaired loveliness.

When Wellington returned from India the young woman, though all her thoughts and hopes had centred in him for so many years, tremblingly offered to relieve him from his engagement. But Wellington scoffed at her fears, told her he loved her more than ever, and married her.

"I am happy to see at my court so bright an example of constancy!" said Queen Charlotte when the bride was presented at court. "But did you really never write one letter to Sir Arthur during his long absence?"

"Not one, madam," was the reply.

"And did you never think of him?" the Queen persisted.

"Yes, madam, very often."

Marriage Proved Unhappy.

Nine years later Maria Edgeworth, the novelist, wrote to a member of the Langford family: "How happy Lady Wellington must be at this glorious victory! Had you in your paper an account of her running as fast as she could to Lord Burg when he alighted, to learn the news of her husband? Such enthusiasm!" Nevertheless the Wellingtons were not happy. History, unfortunately, takes us behind the rose-colored curtain which the novelist discreetly drops at the altar. Often in moments of despondency succeeding a domestic broil the Iron Duke would say:

"There is nothing in the world worth living for!"

Wellington had a very quick temper, which alone would have unfitted him for a happy domestic life. For years before the death of the Duchess he saw little of her. But his wife's last illness seemed to bring about a revival of his early attachment for her and he nursed her with indefatigable devotion.

New York Thro' Funny Glasses.

By Irvin S. Cobb.

The Mixed Drink's Home—(But It Moved).

I S Cobb

PARTIES from a distance who labor under the impression that this is the home of the mixed drink are often pained to find none of the family at home. Perhaps it is true that most of them are born here, but few remain long in our midst. They settle in communities where the inhabitants have the leisure to sift their drinks into themselves in broken doses. Below the Ohio River it takes a toddy about nine times as long to pass a given point, percolating southward into a gentleman, as it does here in the hurried East.

A visiting delegate from New Orleans or Louisville feels a desire to do a little interior quenching. He enters one of our largest, shiniest and most uncomfortable recuperatories. There he beholds several natives splashing the alcoholic surf against the larynx and other Latin portions of the throat with an abandon betokening great haste. The tide rises fast in this town. Gentlemen engaged in the self-pickling industry go after each drink as if it were the last train for Yonkers and they feared they'd miss it.

But the Southern gentleman bethinks him of the drinks indigenous to his own fair clime—drinks that his fathers taught him came from New York—originally—and with courteous grace he asks the barkeep for a sherry cobbler.

"We don't handle them fancy pastries," replies the barkeep, "or if it's a shoemaker you want, you'll find one on the next block."

"Ah!" says the startled visitor, "maybe I'd better take a sangaree. You know what a sangaree is?"

"Sure," replies the brother in white. "It's a flat fish with a stinger in its tail. Say, sport, do you think this is a bird and animal store? Sixth avenoo for your'n."

So the bewildered Southerner swallows two or three straights nervously, and, going elsewhere, asks the polite attendant if he ever heard of a mint smash.

"I uster live in Philadelphia, but the one there never smashed," answers the other.

"It's a drink, suh, a drink."

"Is it made by a recipe?"

"No, suh, by a poet."

"Nothin' doin'. Try a Martiny?"

Perforce the Southerner compromises on a cocktail that was put up in a bottle by a firm of chemists over in New Jersey who also make furniture polish by the same formula, merely leaving out the cherries and increasing the basic percentage of varnish.

At the next stopping place our hero grows desperate and orders a plain julep. Where he comes from the julep is a chaste and simple yet entrancing thing, forming the cornerstone of society and the capsheaf of civilization. It is invariably free from suspicion of harboring any foreign subject-matter whatsoever.

But in our town, when a barkeep makes a julep he uses all the things that are used to trim a planked steak with. The Southerner burrows through the preserved fruits, shrubbery and canned vegetables and is finally rewarded with an amber liquid tasting something like the back end of a tin-type gallery.

"Where," he wanly inquires, "where did you learn to make this?"

"In the real home of the julep," says the barkeep, proudly; "in Salem, Mass."

Whereupon the victim faints away.

THE FUNNY PART:

We wonder why Southern visitors often complain that ours is an incomplete and unfinished city.

The Loss of the Thomas Lawson.

Walter A. Sinclair.

("The seven-master Thomas W. Lawson has been humbled into a Standard Oil tank-ship." —Item.)

'TWAS the schooner Thomas Lawson, finest seven-masted craft,
With a bunch of sailors for'ard and a gallant captain aft.
Never sailed a finer packet from Cape Porpoise to Cape Cod;
But the story of the Lawson is a tale that's weird and odd.
Oh! the winds blow harsh 'round Boston, blow with bitter winter blasts—
But they do not blow the rigging of the ship with seven masts.

'Twas the schooner Thomas Lawson, and it sailed away to fame
With a crew and gallant captain and an awe-inspiring name.
But beneath the ocean verdant, where the deep-sea fishes fuss,
Lurked the terror of the sailor, lurked the bald-head octopus.
And its tentacles with system oscillated fore and aft,
Reaching blindly for the Lawson, gallant seven-masted craft.

Oh, the horror of that grapple when its hooks closed on that ship,
How its feelers tore the rigging, how the canvas all went rip!
'Tis too shocking to relate it, how it made the waters boil;
How it wrecked the jaunty Lawson, while the decks ran thick with oil.
How the good ship labored madly to preserve its honored name,
'Till its captor towed it, humbled, to a life of lowly shame.

On the Gulf 'twixt here and Texas, by each haughty wavelet kicked,
Towed by ocean-going tug-boats, rides a ghostly derelict;
Just the spectre of the schooner that once sailed away to fame,
Just look closer and you'll see that Thomas Lawson is its name.
Oh, the winds howl loud 'round Boston, but the Gulf is far away;
And you've heard the doleful story of the octopus's prey.

Odd Change in French Army.

ONE of the principal reasons for the final abandonment of the drum in the French army is the new short-term service. It takes a year and a half to make a drummer, so that no sooner would the French drummer have become proficient than he would begin to get ready to return to civil life.